Please write from Shetland — how I envy you —
a land unseen by me. And send me
picture postcard of the shore where my
Lighthouse was.

Yr. I feel a distinct odd sensation
at the thought of you — can it be
affection? Can it be love?

Y!

Rota 2.4.43

Aug 15. 1923

Tuesday

my own feeling for what it is worth would be in favour of cutting the Pankhurst down.

I believe you could give the cinema, fortified, in 30,000. But this means as I know a deadly grind. And I'm sure it's all right as they only I think there is still rapour adhering – they that would be sat upon pressed tight.

I venture this however only because you may want another view: it's not a touchy one; I only read it & that for pleasure. If you like to send it back, I will read quickly again: but don't if there will reach you in time

Better today – sitting up.

V.

I was in Hebrides

Monkmoor,
22nd August 1933

No, my dear Ethel. Your psychology is much at fault. If I had it a heart of gold under the skin of a thark I should never want to go again, after your comments upon my poor little note. That the trouble with the daughters of Generals — either they are black, a they're volute; either they're robs or they're shouts — whereas, I always slide from semi-tone to semitone; & you never hear the difference between one & another. That's why you don't understand a word I write, either in MS. or print: for it's long been plain to me that you don't. Oh no: Dickens is your favourite author; after him Mr. Priestley. (Ach ach! There is an element of very profound truth in this) But I've forgotten now the letter I meant to write when your letter. One incident I do however remember. When you came that afternoon, I jumped out of bed & moved out into the drawing room door. I was about to go in. Then I thought, not of you, but of Leonard. Leonard in the middle, as you float above the island.

Yes I am much better; I am up: I am about: I have refused to see my mother-in-law, my sister-in-law, my brother in law, the Keynes's, & the Sages: I have had three entire days alone — three years & wanded years. But then, last Sunday,

Just as I was writing my hymn to solitude out here in my
garden room, with the rooks circling & the cows munching,
there's a face at the window: the editor of the New Statesman
& his wife come to spend the afternoon. So the heart
dissolved; a tasted like a tabloid of fiction as I
swallowed it. What criminals, to want a pearl;
they don't know what they do. However, I wish all the
mossery, which is perhaps all that one should dare to ask.
I wish I knew the geography of the British Isles. I don't
even glue Hebrides, Skye, & the rest. I only see a black
blot in mid air which is you, astride an aeroplane; formly
shaping a rail, keenly surveying the seascape; & completely
master of your fact & faculties. I daresay you drop down upon a
British fortress, & drink tea with the officers. Do they think you
a jolly good fellow? Are you always moving on? Do you
ever think? — read? — or are you dazed, as I am in the car,
when we drive, drive & drive, my mind is a long peaceful
procession? I'm reading a vast number of books — when I'm
not getting tea for the editor of the new Statesman. Turgenev:
Shakespeare's life, & huge masses of MSS. Do you know
the difference between the Quarto's & the folios? I don't
tell last night. Think of having then a scholar life, concerning
misprints! And the garden is — oh but why, when you
came, don't you look at the garden? My plan was to tap
on the window: then you'd have come in — for 5 minutes.
Why I said that 5 minutes was no good, was a mere
remark — that seems me with other people there was more
torment than pleasure. Lord, what a wild psychologist you
are — how random, how violent: but then that part of
being an unCentrated Cat, a a Generals daughter — which
I like: so I dont complain: only marvel &
admire. Shant with laughter over
your letter. Plan write
another. V.

NYPL
Rota 2.4.63

Rebecca has written on Pankhurst: not so much flesh on this bones as yours: & Vera Brittain has written a book which kept me at it till I'd read it. Why?

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

Sep 6th 1933

[Wednesday]

Oh but we're here, thank God, for another month — 6th Oct, my hero. Not that there are many empty days, even here: but that's you point out, is the fault lying partly in the aristocracy. My hand shakes so with writing a dog, not mine, away from sheep Want with. And I've lost your envelope. But I much admire your Shetland Isles philosophy — Psychology & long to go there, & acquire a touch of it. Oh if I could only control my fingers! Possibly we go to Bath — . Bristol

next week, travelling books. But I'll let you know;
& you will write.

What a descriptive note was lost when
you took up the piano. I sat, for 10 minutes,
looking at the Orkneys: a man & the Hebrides?
Did you fly? Did you buy a picture post card?
Yes Sa. The dog was very big & young, when he
saw a sheep he ran: & I had to tug. That why
all I have to say about Shakespeare is
so very elliptical. Well, I'm sure you
agree. How is working? How Kathleen? Et
God take tell me about the maidenhead
removal — what a lark! Shall we do it we dare together?
Vede hey Jeds mi
Bund Street?

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

Monsk House Sunday. 10th Sep 1933

Yes a very interesting letter--a good imaginative reasonable interesting mind, Elizabeths.

More than can be said for me at the momet--Tom Eliot for twenty four hours solid talk yestderady; Rosamund Lehmann and husband now coming to lunch; Oliver Strachey tea. Lady Colefax I have refused. Lydia makes me write about 12th Night. Must go to London toOld Vic. Must write journalism. Must see freinds. Have therefore decided from to day on to give up all other writing in order to see that theres beef for lunch and cake for tea. I have just burnt my MS. Sure you'LL approve. Am going to spend all my money on clothes, face powder--Mary Hutch. and Jack also came yestderg --She says shell introduce my to Elizabeth Arden beauty parlour. Fingers to be red. Toes to be silver. Face to be lifted; nose to be filled with wax. I am doing tthis at your bidding.
Oh but my lodge is full of smoke from my burning novel so can not see to write more.

V--who gave up literature at the command of her freinds.